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# PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

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SATURDAY, June 6, 1801.

## *The Girl of the Mountains.*

(CONTINUED.)

THE Count de Beauvais embraced his lovely daughter: "I glory in my Adelaide, (said he;) your sentiments are the dictates of virtue: such a mind engaged the protecting hand of Providence, and will, I trust, deserve the happiness that ever attends the performance of our duties. O! my child, what I have heard from you, and the scenes I have lately witnessed, prove beyond a doubt, that, however wickedness may triumph, and virtue be persecuted, a day of retribution is at hand to punish the one, and reward perseverence in the other."

Adelaide was highly gratified by her father's approbation of her conduct; she was a little hurried by the impetuosity of Don Felix, and something like terror rose to her mind of his seeking revenge; but she had now a protector.

During the visit of Don Felix, the Governor's heart underwent strange palpitations, for which he condemned himself, but could not subdue; he was informed the latter had left the castle abruptly, and from thence he derived hope that he had been refused: he impatiently waited for the entrance of the Count to confirm his hopes.

Adelaide went to the apartment of the Marchioness, and the Count returned to the Governor, and repeated to him what had passed between Felix and his daughter. He could not conceal the emotions of his bosom, joy danced in his eyes, and his praises of Adelaide's behaviour to that dishonourable man were quite enthusiastic. The Count saw plainly that the heart was interested, though friendship was the covering to his feelings.

The day being wet, they were obliged to pass it within doors; after dinner the Marchioness said, she felt inclined to solicit the Count for the relation he had promised them. "It will beguile the hours, (added she,) which we have been accustomed to pass rambling in the gardens."

They retired to the library, and every one being seated in an attitude of attention, the Count began the following narrative:

"ON that dreadful night, when awakened by a noise at the outer door of the cottage, I got up, and saw two men enter. I retain not the least traces of any further recollection. The villains doubtless concluded me dead, and that I survived the intended mortal stroke, I must ascribe to the gracious interference of Providence in sending me unexpected relief.

When I opened my eyes, I found myself in bed, and a monk whom I had visited a few days before, standing by me with a small phial in his hand. I attempted to speak, but I was too weak to articulate a word.

"Compose yourself, (said he,) attempt not to speak as you value your life."

I strove to retrace the means by which I had come under his roof, for I saw it was his room I laid in; but every idea was confused; I recollected not one circumstance, and what was more incredible, I did not once think of Adelaide.

It was the fourth day after I had recognized the monk before I was able to speak any word distinctly. On that day, after a refreshing sleep, I began to view every object round me with some degree of steadiness, and almost instantaneously my lips pronounced the name of Adelaide. A sudden recollection seemed to burst upon me, that I had not seen my child, and the men who had broke into my cottage swam like a vision before me.—Again I repeated the name of Adelaide, looking round me.

"Be still, my friend, (said the monk,) Adelaide is safe."

I grew impatient to speak, but, though I made several attempts with more ease, the monk was absolute, and prohibited talking for another day.

The next morning I appeared so much in a convalescent state, that I was permitted to speak a few words at a time. "Be not surprised, or offended at my caution, (said the good monk,) from the nature of your wounds great apprehensions were entertained that your lungs were affected, and the smallest exertion might prove fatal: but I hope you are now out of all danger, though any violent agitations might have a bad effect, therefore speak little at a time, and keep your mind quiet." He then asked me if I could remember who wounded me.

"Tell me first, (I cried,) where my child is—why I do not see her?"

"You must wait a few days longer, before I can trust you together. Rely on me, and be composed."

He spoke this equivocally, not daring to acquaint me with the full intelligence that my child was torn from me. I took his words in a literal sense, as he wished, and though I murmured at the delay, I owed too much to the monk to appear impatient. I then repeated to him the manner in which I had fallen in with the robbers, the visit of one of them to the cottage, and the forcible entrance of two men at midnight; their striking at me, from which moment I lost all recollection of succeeding events.

"This, (said he,) is sufficient togive me a clue that may guide my search after the assassins. To-morrow every thing shall be unfolded to you, when I expect a good friar, who has been my firm friend."

The next day the friar came, and to a curious balsam in his possession I found I was indebted for my life. I was so much recovered, that it was thought cruel to trifle with me any longer; I was therefore prepared for the fatal truth by a long lesson on resignation and submission.

My heart sickened as he went on, I saw plainly some fatal intelligence was attached to this preparatory discourse; I interrupted him.—"Have compassion on me; add not suspence to misery. Tell me what I am to bear:—my Adelaide is dead!"

"Heaven forbid! (said he,) I hope not."

"Hope not!—O God! where is she?"

The monk took my hand.—"Man is born to suffer; it is the lot of humanity. Your present condition admits of hope. Hear the fatal tale with the resignation of a Christian.

"When I parted from you on your return to the cottage, I felt an irresistible impulse to know your residence, and see your daughter. The following morning this good friar came to make his weekly visit. I mentioned your accidental ramble to this retreat; he was surprised to hear you lived so near without being known to each other, for there is a short cut through the mountain to the other side of wood.—I told him of my inclination to see you, but that I feared to undertake the walk.

"With a good staff, and me for a guide, we shall do very well," said the good father.—He promised to call at a leisure hour: he came one morning soon, and we set off together. We rested at the foot of a rising ground. A pretty deep rivulet run close to it, over which was a small bridge, made by trunks of trees.

"We had not sat two minutes, before looking round, I thought I saw something white floating on the water not very far off. I made the friar observe it; we rose, and went to the place. What was our terror on observing it to be a dead body, with nothing but a shirt for a covering, which was died with blood. The head laid on the edge of the rivulet, among the weeds and wild flowers. The face we could not see; but from the appearance of the linen, and the blood sprinkled near, it could not have laid long there.

"We quickly crossed over to the other side.—The friar out-stripped me, he raised the head, and cried out, "Here is still warmth in the head and heart!"

"I drew near.—Gracious Heaven! how great was my surprise and horror when I recollected your features, impressed on my mind by a mole on the side of the cheek

"My exclamations and eagerness to assist you, gave the good father to know who it was.—We drew the body out, the cold water had staunched the blood, but in all probability a very short time must have carried off the little remains of life.

"The friar had luckily that morning been to administer some of his wonderful balsam to a poor gardener, who had fallen from a ladder. With extreme difficulty we pulled open your mouth, and poured a few drops down, we also rubbed the stomach.

"We arrived safe at home, put you into a warm bed, and again rubbed you with the elixir, and the friar discovered and dressed your wounds.

"The morning after you were brought to the house, the good friar, accompanied by three peasants, went over the mountains in search of your cottage and daughter.—They soon discovered the first among the trees; they entered, and saw the tracks of blood along the floor, and out through another room, to a small garden, the gate of which led up the mountain, underneath which was the rivulet at the end of the wood, and it appeared probable that the villains carried you to the top of the hill, and precipitated you down to the rivulet. At first the friar was apprehensive for your daughter, but there seems now every probability that she escaped. We daily after sent a person to the cottage; every thing remained in the same state till yesterday, when the person returned, bringing me word that the closets and drawers had been opened, and things of various kinds taken away, but, whether by friend or foe, we know not. This, sir, is the whole information we have to give."

Every argument religion, reason, and duty to heaven could suggest, these good men adduced to reconcile me to hope. Heaven was pleased to restore me, and I ungratefully murmurred at returning health, given to me for a blessing.—One evening, when I was sitting at the door of the house to enjoy the fresh air, I saw the friar advance with a light step, and a cheerful air.

"My son, (said he,) learn never to distrust the goodness of heaven.—I have good news."

"Is my child found?" I cried, my heart bounding to my throat.

"She is in safe hands, (answered he.)—Listen to me with composure. She has found friends, and escaped the greatest dangers."

I lifted my eyes in thankfulness to heaven, and permitted him to proceed without one interruption, repeating to myself, "My child is safe, and has found friends!—Delightful idea."

He then told me that that morning, a peasant, who sometimes brought necessaries to the monastry, came to the gate, he made enquiry, as usual, of this man; to his inexpressible joy and surprise, the peasant told him he knew all about it; that he used to supply the gentleman that was murdered, and that his daughter was with Madam, the Countess, at the castle, on the other side of the mountains.

"This castle, which had been for years uninhabited, and laid in a dreary mountaneous spot, (continued the friar,) had totally escaped my recollection; but, gaining all possible information from the man, I took my staff, and set off for the castle. My habit procured me an easy admission, but I was three days too late. I was told the Countess was gone into Spain, a young person with her of the name of Adelaide, as a companion, brought there about a fortnight ago by the hermit of the mountain.

To him therefore I hastened. He told me that he had heard the Countess had left her retirement from the death of the Countess of Angoulesme, who had been her great enemy, and kept her confined during her life-time."

I shall not pretend to describe the transports of my soul, (continued the Count;)—when a little recovered, I recollected what the friar had said of the death of Louisa, and that she had been the enemy of this Countess, who had so generously protected my Adelaide.—Little could I imagine who that Countess proved to be.

The death of Louisa, however, was the period of my silence: the generous preserver of my life had conditioned with me never to reveal myself, my name, nor story, during her existence. I consulted with my friends how to act.—The friar proposed that I should send an express, with an account of each particular occurrence that had befallen me, to my good friend, M. St. Amand, and, if he should be dead, or not at Paris, to have a similar one delivered to the Countess of Chateau Briant. I readily adopted this plan, and set myself to work immediately; it was a task of difficulty to write, for I was still weak, and often in great pain, but the subject stimulated me to exertion, and I finished the work much sooner than I expected. The messenger was dispatched, and I remained in a state of so much suspence for my Adelaide, and the events of this packet, that I could neither think nor talk of any thing else.

Five days the messenger had been gone, when, sitting as usual, at the door of the house, the Monk being near me, we saw a stranger approach; he advanced, and bowed with politeness,—"I am come from the hermit of the mountain; he informed me that here I should meet with the father of Adelaide."

"I am that father!" cried I, starting from my seat, in expectation of hearing some fresh intelligence—I fixed my eyes on him, his face seemed familiar to me: he saw I was embarrassed,—"Do you recognise me, sir, (said he,) I am the person who called himself Deplessis, who became known to you under circumstances he blushes to recollect?"

"Yes, (I replied, with coldness,) I now remember your features well, and have cause to regret I ever beheld them."

"I feel the severity and justice of your reply, (returned he, but I hope you will be inclined to think more favourable of me, when my story is known subsequent to the last time I had the honour to see you."

He proceeded to tell me, that, on returning to the cavern, from the last visit he had made to us, he remarked a kind of sullen ferocity in the countenances of both men.

"In the evening, (continued he,) I retired soon to the cave I slept in, to consider on a plan I had in view to escape from them, and prevail on you, sir, to remove also, as I did not think you were safe in the knowledge of such miscreants.

"Soon after I had laid down, I was surprised at seeing them suddenly at the side of the bed, they dragged me out defenceless and naked.—"What does the traitor deserve who betrayed the friends that saved his life!" said Lesire, the youngest of them.

"Death!" replied the other, and struck at me with a dagger; again he repeated the

blow, which made me drop, and then between them pulled me to a hole, that led down by some broken steps to a deep dungeon, into which I was precipitated immediately. I lost all sense, till some time after by a miracle I was restored."

He then (continued the Count) repeated to me all the circumstances I have since heard from Adelaide, and went on to tell me of Lesare's repentance, and their resolution to search after my child. He had been to every neighbouring hamlet, and was returning, when chance brought him to the spot were the hermit's cell stood; from him he was informed of Adelaide's safety, my preservation and residence.

"And now, sir, [continued he,] behold me devoted to your service. Never will I forsake your interest until your excellent daughter is restored; command me when and how you please, I will shrink from no dangers whatever."

"I was much pleased and affected [continued the Count] at the artless tale and liberal offers of this young man; it would have been unjust to have made him responsible for the villainies of others; besides, in the first instance, when discovered by the robbers, I owed my life to his interposition.

I hesitated not therefore to tell him how very anxious I was to know the present residence of Adelaide, but that I had been persuaded by the hermit's opinion, joined to my friends, to wait there until letters arrived from the Countess.

We parted very good friends the following day. There is something very singular attached to this young man's story. I took the liberty to ask how he came to have such associates, and reminded him he had once promised me his confidence.

"Ah, sir, [said he, sighing,] I knew not then your name nor rank; certain circumstances have placed an insuperable bar to my wishes; there is an immense distance between us, though not in birth, yet——" He stopped, then wrung my hand—tears started to his eyes. "We may never meet again, yet depend upon my life being devoted to your daughter's service. When once she is restored, perhaps it will be known who the unfortunate Deplessis is."

He left me hastily, nor have I ever seen him since.

My health grew established every day; I was anxious to trace and recover my darling child, and impatient for the return of the messenger, who had been gone ten days. The eleventh, to my inexpressible delight he arrived, he told me that Monsieur St. Amand was not at Paris, but with a relation at some distant province; but that he had delivered the other packet to the Countess of Chateau Briant, who had ordered him back with all speed.

With a trembling hand I opened her letter, and the first thing I saw was 'A full and free pardon from his Majesty from the sentence of perpetual imprisonment, my perfect innocence of the crimes laid to my charge, being proved beyond a doubt, my name was rescued from disgrace, and the estates confiscated were to be restored.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

MR. HOGAN,

I Suppose each of your correspondents has two objects in view; first self-gratification, second public good. X. in his Criticism undoubtedly has the first, but how, in Number 3, he has promoted the second, I cannot see—he has ingenuously acknowledged, that some of my observations are just, others extremely sophistical. But why did he not mark out these? Why suffer them to pass unnoticed? surely this is not acting in conformity to his "innocent plan," which is, as I pass along, a curious expression: I have heard of an innocent man, and a guilty creature; but an innocent plan is at least an original.—"Had J. C. adhered to the rules of composition laid down by Dr. Blair," &c. Mr. Editor, how can your readers be instructed by such hints? How shall I improve? Was it fair not to point out my faults? Perhaps I am yet not too old to learn; the expressions ought to have been quoted, and admitting that I were incorrigible, which you know, is not impossible, others might have been benefitted by seeing my faults corrected.

As I grow older, I hope to grow wiser—I thought X. would not have defended his criticism on a valley—but I was mistaken—I did not say that a man might not with propriety choose a mountain from whence he would have an extensive prospect. I only argued, that a man might with propriety stop in a valley, and hence view surrounding objects. X. reasons that the man can see to a greater distance, granted; but still will he deny that in the valley he can stop, pause, and view the hills by which he is surrounded—if he still persists, let him persist.

There is a singular beauty in the comparisons made by the Disappointed Man in the sentence alluded to; but I must assert, that X. criticised, yet did not understand—He says, "the Disappointed Man in his metaphorical comparisions of life, says, it is a dark unwholsome valley, a little spot," &c. but let Mr. X. read again, and he will find, that B. K. N. said no such thing; he says, "this world is but an hour's resting place; a dark unwholsome valley: a little spot on which we stop to look around us." And let X. deny it if he can.

I find it will be a difficult thing for X. and I to agree on Criticism. I said, we could not approve of such an expression, when he calls life a little blaze that hovers round its mouldering socket, and struggling tries to free itself and escape *into nothing*; he saw not why I blamed, and therefore he approved: 1st, I say, life is not always struggling to free itself from the body, it rather clings closely to it, and generally leaves it with much reluctance; and, 2dly, God be praised, we abominate that doctrine which would destroy our hope, by informing us that it escapes into nothing.

J. C.

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

MR. HOGAN,

HAD Mr. Law's panegyrist only contented himself with the praise of that esteemed musical professor, you would not have been troubled with these remarks; but as he has introduced some sentiments, which, in my opinion, are justly reprehensible, I could not withhold a reply.—"The lovers of Sacred Harmony are highly gratified at the return of the Rev. Mr. LAW to our city. They are led to anticipate a revival of that essential and truly edifying part of divine worship."——I am astonished at the sentiment contained in this last sentence. Is that essential part of divine worship in a dead, lethargic, or decayed state in our city? Are not God's praises sung in a decent and becoming manner, every Sabbath, in our churches? Are we indeed censurable for suffering an essential part of divine worship to dwindle? Is it possible that singing is an essential part of divine worship? And do we stand in absolute need of this unrivalled musical professor, to revive this *essential part*, by regulating our voices in his singular manner? I would be glad this gentleman, this lover of Sacred Harmony, would inform me how much our Church Harmony has been improved by his last visit? How many new tunes have been introduced into that part of divine worship, and, admitting for a moment, that all the parts could be carried, whether the worship would be more acceptable to GOD, than if his praise had been sung in a single part. The writer does not desire to speak a word against Mr. Law, his abilities are well known, and justly esteemed, but he cannot allow, that other musical teachers in the city should be accused of being quacks, and irreparably to have injured the pupils placed under their care. There are several musical teachers in Philadelphia, who, tho' they have not followed the profession as long as he hath, yet understand music with an accuracy sufficient at least to enable their pupils to join with spirit and understanding in keeping this part of divine worship, in an undecayed state; and it may, and ought to be well remembered, that to speak disrespectfully of others, is the worst way that can be possibly devised of ensuring our own reputation.

TRUTH.

## *Adventures in a Castle.*

*An Original Story.*

(CONTINUED.)

THE Count de Vauban had been long invisible at the metropolis, being so much engaged in his plans to get Louis again in his hands. But as soon as the intelligence reached M. Dupont, of de Vauban's being at the head of the banditti which infested the vicinity, he prepared to remove to Paris, sensible that when in possession of power, he would regard no law, human or divine, to effect his infamous purposes, and glut his sanguinary revenge on Louis. Once alone did de Vauban find an opportunity to make an attempt upon the person of Louis, which was before the commencement of their journey to Paris, when one night he made an assault upon the chateau, hoping to be able to force his entrance. But the family were roused at the first attack, and seizing all the warlike weapons which they could find in the house, they obliged them to retire. It was a fortunate circumstance that the owner of the chateau, upon the first intelligence of the existence of a band of robbers in the neighbourhood, had procured musquets and ammunition, in order to be prepared against any event. This occurrence hastened their departure, and the next day they set out for the capital, where they had prepared a residence.

Vice seldom fails ultimately to receive its punishment, and the marquis de Lantz was another instance of the reward of villainy, whether executed or merely concerted. 'Tis true the imbecility of his mind, and his cowardice, prevented the execution of his unnatural designs against the life of his father, but it did not diminish his atrocity in the conception of such an idea. He had made an excursion to Dijon, where, among his careless unthinking companions, he had been passing away the tardy hours, and was returning home for want of the necessary money to support his extravagance. He had not recovered from the influence of wine, when he entered the forest, which had been the theatre of murder perpetrated by the lawless dependents of de Vauban. He had sunk into a slumber, and the spell which bound him in the embraces of Morpheus, was so potent, that he heard not the whistle of the banditti, nor knew of their approach, till his attendants were fired upon by them. All who could fly, made their escape, as no tie attached them to the fate of de Lantz, who scarcely was roused from his stupidity, till the robbers roughly ordered him to deliver up his money. This demand he was unable to comply with, as he had spent the last livre at the gaming-table. Wine inspired him with something like courage, of which his natural disposition was entirely destitute, and snatching up his pistol that lay at his side, he discharged it at the person next him. This was the signal of his fate, the murderers instantly dragged him from his carriage, and buried their poignards in his bosom.

Thus was the miserable death of this wretched being, whose heart was never inspired with one sentiment that would reflect honour on himself, accomplished by the means of his colleague in the atrocious attempt, to deprive his father of life. Such was the end of a life which that one crime indeliably stained, and which, had he possessed the tallents of the Count de Vauban, would have been productive of more mischief to society. Soon as the murderers had satiated their revenge, and taken ample vengeance for the wound he had given their comrade, they returned to the castle to dispose of the trifling booty they had obtained, and convey the wounded ruffian. The Count possessed sufficient sagacity to know, that his petty despotism would be of short continuance, as the outrages the banditti under his command, had committed in the province, must shortly reach the royal ear; and the consequence would be fatal to him, but it was too late to think of obtaining pardon, and he flattered himself that he could make his escape at any time, when imperious necessity should command such a proceeding. Had the Count de Vauban been educated in the principles of virtue, he would probably have become an ornament to society, but unlimited indulgence had suffered his good qualities to be obscured, and by the continued practice of engaging in bachanalian festivals and carousals, his heart became at last as depraved as we behold it. When M. Dupont arrived at Paris, he made a report to the king of the numerous murders and robberies that had been committed in the province of Burgundy. The Duke of Alencon also, who mourned his son cut off in the prime of life by the hands of lawless ruffians, was determined to destroy the combination of the villains who infested this fertile part of the kingdom, and revenge the death of his son. His influence at court was considerable, and he was permitted by the king to lead a body of the regular troops against the Count, to conduct him to the capital if he made a voluntary surrender of his person, or in case of resistance, to destroy the haunt of the banditti, and bring him to condign punishment. In order to prevent the escape of the Count, the Duke of Alencon, accompanied by Louis Boileau, and M. Dupont, with the troops under his authority, marched towards the castle with rapidity, lest the intelligence of their approach should give the alarm, and de Vauban escape the fate due to his atrocious guilt. But all their caution did not prevent his receiving notice of their arrival, and acting according to the dictates of prudence. With every necessary precaution to prevent a surprize from the banditti, the troops invested the castle, and a messenger was dispatched to demand the surrender of it to his Majesty's commission; a refusal was the answer, unless the commandant of the party would pledge his honour to procure them a free pardon. This offer was not accepted, and they were ordered to surrender unconditionally, depending on the clemency of the king, or death was denounced as their portion, the instant they were taken. Inflated with visionary ideas of the strength of the fortifications, and confident of the plenty which abounded from the stores of provision, which the provident Count had taken care to lay up, they bid defiance to regal authority, and dared them to the assault. Several petty conflicts were maintained with the banditti, who, though inferior in point of numbers, counterbalanced it by their ferocity, and several were killed on either side. To conquer or die, was the maxim the ruffian defenders of the castle faithfully adhered to, and the soldiers of the royal party were unable to obtain any advantage. Finding they made but very little progress towards the object of their excursion, the leaders of the detachment determined upon a vigorous attempt to overcome all resistance. For this purpose they prepared torches and fire-brands, resolved to set fire to the castle, and bury its infatuated inhabitants in the ruins. Humanity however induced them to make a final offer of conditional pardon, if they would give up to the arm of justice the Count de Vauban. The proposal was rejected by the banditti with disdain, for although dead to every sentiment of rectitude and humanity, the imaginary tie of honour bound them to the Count, and they resolved to procure his pardon or perish with him.

JULIUS.

*(To be continued.)*

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EPITAPH FROM THE FRENCH.

Gaily I liv'd, as ease and nature taught,
And spent my little life without a thought;
And am amaz'd that Death, that tyrant grim,
Should think of me, who ne'er thought of him!

For the Philadelphia Repository.

*At nos virtutes ipsas invertimus atque*
*Sincerum cupimus vas incrustare.* HOR.

OUR government wisely prohibiting creative or hereditary titles of nobility, the good people of these United States have it in their power, to display equal wisdom in avoiding the extravagance, folly and dissipation, that have ever been concomitant attendants on the emblazoned escutcheon of ducal and lordly greatness.

The imitative genius of short-sighted man, prone to the intoxicating charms of admiration, has vainly inclined, in every age, to ape the manners, dissipation and dress of the higher order, nobility, whom he falsely looked on as his superiors, and as blindly and servilely imitated their licentious manners. At length custom fatally imposed, and blended with society, their vices, gilded with the name of fashion, which has pursued, through successive ages, vain man! in the various Proteus-like shapes of his vitiated fancy; each age arrogantly claiming to itself, a superior taste, a greater refinement in wit, in manners. It would be too prolix, too unnecessary here, to attempt to trace or follow, through each progressive age of society, the declension of manners, the created artificial wants and other evils; when we daily see (piteously!) their baneful effects, and hear each other hourly lamenting the want of something: thus embittering the short moment that seems allotted to us, on this vast theatre of life; alternately disappearing off it, in the very midst of our vain enjoyments, pursuits and anxieties. The love of money, the thirst, avidity and avarice of its numerous votaries, have kept faithful pace, with the luxurious specious refinement of dissipated fashion, prodigality of living, that forms at this our day, unhappily, the prominent feature of civilized man! Indeed, from the infant times of the good old patriarch Jacob, in every succeeding generation, we lamentably find, and discover a numerous accession of infatuated brethren, who would barter their mental happiness, the well grounded hopes of a futurity, the dearest interests and rights of country, of society, in their public and private capacities, and pursuits through life; to possess that gilded pasport to fascinating luxury, money; that unfortunately throws in the scale of its possessor, more than a just preponderance of this worldly respect and esteem.

In a new world as it were, separated by the friendly interposing ocean, from the customs of that estimated enlightened country, Europe, let us strive to emulate the simple dignity, the unaffected wisdom, of our own democratic form of government, emanating from the *vox populi*, of a risingnation of freemen: let us strive, as faithful labourers in our young vineyard, to lop off those exuberant branches, dissipation, vice, fashion, the ostentatious display of unnecessary pomp; in idle betinsell'd-servants, splendid equipage, that has shot forth their seductive germs from that exotic, nobility; a plant not congenial with the vivifying temperature of our climate: let us wisely propogate those virtues in their stead, (next to the reverence of a Supreme Being!) *humanity, temperance, frugality*, the love of *agriculture, philosophy*: let us abolish those automatons of power, standing-armies, laudably trained in spilling the blood of their fellow mortals, at the whim or caprice of ambition. Numberless have been the errors that have crept into society, that have vitiated the taste, and corrupted the human heart, from this contaminated source: the wisdom imparted by a bounteous Creator to man, that characterises his upright majestic form, and dignifies it above the animal creation, has been, alas! fatally perverted, I may justly add, debased, by the man of science, the chemist, the philosopher; in publishing, in studying systematic treatises, of warfare, exploring the bowels of the earth, making the very gifts of heaven! contribute to the destruction of their own species. The magic power of music has been called forth in the fields of human carnage, to awaken the feelings of infuriated man! to higher sanguinary acts, termed heroism; that had been alike applied to awaken his feelings, in his solemn religious exercise of worship to his God! In fine, the pen, discover or inventive genius, that succeeded in the refined barbarity of sanguinary research, were sure to meet not only the patronage and reward of government, but the applauses of a deluded people. Their dramatic writers, faithfully subservient to public taste, have added all the flights of poetical hyperbole, in decorating and embellishing the tragic and comic muse, to the fashionable gust of the times. Public theatres have been patronized—the romantic visionary exhibition of artificial distress and mockery of human misery, has turned the tear of virtuous sensibility from religion's proper object, real distress! and thrown it away on the shadow—the allurring garb covering vice and folly, eagerly imitated by our national youth, as wit, and humour. Their novels in general abound with such like dangerous incitements,—the romantic love—sick tale, or fictitious refinement of prostituted human woe, has too powerfully engrossed the attention, exhausted the tears of their numerous readers; to bestow a sympathetic thought or a tear, on a neighbour! or fellow citizen! experiencing the real afflictions, attending domestic and private life; the pressing exigencies of poverty! of unexpected misfortune! of debilitated old age! These, only these, ought to excite the softer emotions of our hearts, in this young growing Republic; from prudent, as well as humane motives, uncertain when the chequered mutability of capricious fortune, may designate us in her wretched train! to receive the commiseration, the favour, from the lips or hand of the brother, who had formerly experienced our pity, our munificence. In a republican government this just observation of the Roman poet we find most often verified—

*Valet ima summis*
*Mutare, et insignem attenuat Deus,*
*Obscura promens.*

Thou first of social virtues, heaven-born *humanity!* let us wear thee in our bosoms, closer to our hearts than the most valued miniature, of the dearest friend; that we may gaze on thee in secret, and contemplate in thee, the abridgement of every virtue that adorns society, that insensibly raises the mind of man, exalted to the presence, of his benevolent Creator; who, just, as benevolent, will one day pass the solemn irrevocable decision, on our stewardship of the blessings he has intrusted to us.

AGRICOLA.

---

MISFORTUNE OF BEING UGLY.

A GIRL was on the point of being hanged at Vienna. Her youth and beauty made a great impression upon the heart of one of the spectators, who was a Neapolitan, a middle aged man, but excessively ugly. As he had but a few moments to make up his mind, he ran immediately to the place of execution, and, declaring his intention to marry the criminal, demanded her pardon. According to the custom of the country, the pardon was granted, on condition that the girl was not averse to the match. He accordingly addressed her in these terms, "Madam, I am a gentleman of some property, and I now wish, for the first time, that I were a King, only that I might afford you a stronger proof of my attachment."—"Alas, sir," replied the girl, "I am thoroughly sensible of your affection and generosity; but I am not mistress over my own heart, and I cannot belie my own sentiments. Unfortunately they controul my fate, and I prefer the death with which I am threatened, to marrying so ugly a fellow as you are." The Neapolitan retired in confusion, and the woman directed the executioner to do his office.

## *The Commentator, No.* 11.

"The curse of writing is an endless itch."

THE scribbling mania, it may be rationally supposed, from the degree in which it prevails, has arrived at its height, and it certainly ought to decline, having raged so many ages, and survived almost every fondness for particular pursuits, which mankind have ever conceived. The most important point, respecting it to be decided, is —whether the fondness for writing has been of utility or disadvantage to mankind? If it has been of more advantage than otherwise, the propensity is by no means censurable; but if it has been productive of mischief rather than good, it certainly ought to be discouraged. To decide this important question is very difficult, as much may very justly be urged on each side. It is a passion which has burned for ages with so much fury, that it may be rationally supposed, to be almost exhausted, and that in a short time, it would for want of fuel be extinguished. Yet we find that in the days of the ancient Romans, it was considered as a disorder to which all men were liable, and Juvenal defines it, "*insanabile cacoethes*," an incurable itch, which plainly evinces, that it was deemed by him an evil affliction of the brain.

To ascertain with precision, the tendency of this "*cacoethes scribendi*," it is necessary that we should view it through all it stages, and inquire into the sentiments of those who have lived in different ages, and are supposed competent to judge. But as to make such a minute investigation, would occasion too great an extension of this number, we must be contented with having quoted the authority of the celebrated Juvenal, who, in direct terms says, not that it is a disorder simply, but heightens the colouring by applying the epithet *incurable*. Rejecting however any auxiliary assistance from the ideas of the subject, entertained by authors of reputation, let us examine it by the light of our own experience, which is the best criterion, by which to form an accurate judgment. It is certainly to this *passion*, we owe all our knowledge of events which occurred previous to our existence, and by it we derive much useful information, without being under the necessity of engaging in experimental inquiries to obtain it. Through this medium we reap the benefit of the labour and study of our ancestors, and enjoy the fruits of their industry and application. It has conveyed to us, the wisest maxims, the best admonitions, and the soundest principles; of which, had it not been for this, we should probably remained entirely ignorant, or only have procured thro' intense study, and application. We have the experience of our forefathers to guide us thro' the mazes of life, we have the advantage of the beacons they erected to warn us of the vicinity of danger, and we have communicated to us, illustrious examples, still more valuable than their sound precepts, to excite us to emulation. All these advantages we should have lost if it had not been for the existence of this fondness for communicating ideas by writing, and have been obliged to have recourse to the weak dependence of our own prudence and experience. In this position, it most assuredly has been an inestimable fund of utility to man;—great and numerous must be the evils it conveys, to counterbalance all these benefits. In our inquiry into the disadvantages accruing to society from its prevalence, we find that it has given birth to volumes of nonsense, and that much time has been wasted in producing them, which might have been employed in a manner much more beneficial to the authors in particular, and the commuity in general. In producing *novels* and *romances*, this *disorder* has been wonderfully prolific: to this may therefore be attributed, the surprizing increase of this species of composition, so pernicious to the happiness of society. The perusal of such books by young people, before their judgment has attained, and their principles, solidity sufficient to resist the effect of sophistical reasoning, to weigh sentiments and judge of their accuracy, has a tendency to instil ideas frequently very incorrect. And they are very apt to fashion their manners and conduct from the admired picture of some hero or heroine of a tale, which pleases their glowing fancy. In every youthful mind, there is a fondness for the marvellous, for what may exceed probability, yet is comprehended within the extensive limits of possibility; and this fixes their attention on any thing which possesses this attraction, or which relates tales calculated to rouse their sensibility or interest their feelings. It has many times surprized me to find such a fondness exist, for the frivolous matter, of which the generality of novels are composed, and that the attachment to them is permanent, although very few of them possess the recommendation of novelty. I have read many, but I think they may be all ranged under two or three classes; after having read the few different sorts, all the others become tedious, and uninteresting from the similarity to the rest. The colouring it is true, may be altered, but still a sameness pervades the whole, which is equally wearisome and disgusting. Besides the romantic nonsense, with which they fill the mind of the youthful reader, the sentiments they inculcate, are in a general way, by no means unexceptionable, and nothing but what has a moral tendency ought to be put into their hands, for unexperienced in the arts of the world, they are easily deceived by a glittering exterior, and have not the prudence to scan its real merits. There are certainly publications, which will convey instruction, and answer the purpose of amusement at the same time; consequently, there can be no necessity to recur to fiction, when reality will convey equal pleasure. Besides, by being habituated to reading works of this frivolous kind, a youth will lose all relish for the study of history, so much more conducive to his real benefit. After having thus taken a concise view of the advantages and disadvantages of the "*cacoethes scribendi*," we find them so nice balanced, as to render it difficult to decide which preponderates; but I am rather inclined to believe, that it has been productive of more good to society than otherwise. For although it will be the means of conveying to posterity, sentiments hostile to morality, yet it will also convey the antidote to the poison, and the productions of those, who are, or have been, famous for their wisdom and penetration, will accompany and counteract the evil tendency of writings of a contrary nature. To point out the pernicious effects of novels, on the peace and happiness of society, will require a larger field, than the present number will admit; it shall therefore be defered as a fit subject of speculation at a future period. J.

## SOLUTION OF K.'s QUESTION,

*In Number* 28.

[By the same ingenious correspondent, who favoured us with a solution to the two last questions in No. 27.]

First $a=1584$, $b=1452$, $c=1056$, and $d=528$, and let $x, y, z, u$ = the dollars they severally had:

and per Quest. $\begin{cases} x^2yzu=1584=a \\ y^2xzu=1452=b \\ z^2xyu=1056=c \\ u^2xyz=528=d \end{cases}$

These four equations multiplied, gives $x^5y^5z^5u^5=abcd$, and $xyzu=\sqrt[5]{abcd}=264$, and by division we have the following

Equations.

$$\frac{x^2yxu}{xyzu}=x=\frac{1584}{264}=6=\text{the 1st's dols}$$

$$\frac{y^2xzu}{yxzu}=y=\frac{1452}{264}=5.5=\text{the 2d's.}$$

$$\frac{z^2xyu}{zxyu}=z=\frac{1056}{264}=4=\text{the 3d's.}$$

$$\frac{u^2xyz}{uxyz}=u=\frac{528}{264}=2=\text{the 4th's.}$$

The answer required.

ANECDOTES OF

## *Mr. William Cowper.*

[*Author of the "Task."*]

THE predominant genius of a man may, in most cases, be traced to some early incident in the history of his life. Cowper, it seems, was from his childhood devoted to meditation and seclusion, and endued with antipathy to every noisy concourse or merely lucrative pursuit.

This temper was strengthened by an attachment between him and the daughter of a neighbouring family. The usual objections, on the score of birth and fortune, did not exist in this case, and neither family were averse to this connection. It was necessary, however, in the opinion of Cowper's father, that the union should be postponed till the young man had established himself in some gainful and honourable profession.

For this end, the youth was sent to London and placed at the Temple. To this fane of subtillity and science, all his rural dispositions accompanied him. The cultivation of literature and poetry ravished his attention away from the *Crokes* and *Carthews* of his library, and his hours were spent in composing tender ditties for his mistress, instead of transcribing into his commonplace book, the *demurrers* and *naratios* of the law.

His father, whose heart was set upon seeing his son Will, one day adorned with the flowing and well-powdered honours of a chancellor, was extremely displeased at this infatuation and supineness. He tried various expedients to awaken in his heart a more profitable ambition. At length he fancied that he discovered the source of all these ungenerous propensities in the affection which William had so assiduously fostered for the country maid. He resolved therefore, to put an end to his hopes; and, by studied incivilities to the lady's family, excited their resentment so far, that the girl was prohibited from further intercourse.

Disobedience to this mandate, produced the usual stretches of parental tyranny. The victim was restricted in her walks and visits; and, finally, imprisoned in her chamber. The gentle spirit was sorely bruised by this rod. Grief and sullenness were succeeded by the loss of understanding, and an untimely close was put to her existence in the cells of a private madhouse!—Such was a father's policy! and the effects of it upon the son's happiness and destiny are generally known.

## The Temple of Hilarity.

*When friends shall forsake us, or Fortune shall frown,* (*down;*
*When bus'ness, or troubles, or cares press us*
*Let us swift to* HILARITY'S *Temple repair,*
*And prove the blest sweets of forgetfulness there.*

### A TAYLOR ON A TAVERN BILL.

"Let me see—bread and beer—tripe and dressing,—hey dey!
And wine and welch-rabbit—here's the devil to pay!
And then, on my conscience, besides this long bill,
Out of ev'ry poor pint he has cabbag'd a gill,
For all his fine bows, and his speeches, and wheedle, (dle!"
I swear that a Vintner's as sharp as a nee-
The Vintner, in hearing, replied, "'Tis your pleasure, (measure,
'Gainst another man's bill to run out beyond
If we come to tax reckonings, we shall easily find (mind;
Many items and items not at all to our
There's your silk, twist, and buckram, materials, and making,
And a remnant,—but pardon the freedom I'm taking: (ing;
Come live, and let live without any repin-
I pay for my *doublet*, pay you for your *lining*,"

A Person reading in the Bible, came to this passage, "I am that I am." It so happened that the words *I am* were at the bottom of the page, and in turning over, he turned two leaves, so that at the top were the words *an ass*, which he pronounced in a clear voice. However, finding his mistake, he turned back to the right place, and without revoking the two former words, with great emphasis cried out, *that I am.*

WIT, or even what the French term *esprit*, seems little compatible with feeling. Fontenelle was a great egotist, and thought of nothing but himself. One of his old acquaintances went one day to see him at his country-house, and said he had come to eat a bit of dinner. "What shall we have? Do you like 'sparagus?" said Fontenelle. "If you please; but with oil."—"Oil! I prefer them with sauce."—"But sauce disagrees with me," replied the guest. "Well, well, we shall have them with oil." Fontenelle then went out to give his orders; but, on his return, found his poor acquaintance dead of an apoplexy. Running to the head of the stairs, he called out, "Cook! dress the 'sparagus with sauce."

## *PHILADELPHIA,*
JUNE 6, 1801.

### *Marriages.*

MARRIED....In this City....On the 7th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Ustick, Mr. Suthey Miles, to Miss Mary Holdship; on the 28th, Mr. William Stern, to Miss Betsy Holdship; and on the same evening, Mr. Robert Kellough, to Miss Hannah Geortey.....On the 2d inst. Mr. Robert Evans, jun. of this City, to Miss Sarah Bispham, of Moores-Town, (N. J.)

.....On the 20th ult. at Franklin, J. C. Wallace, to Miss Peggy Heron, daughter of Captain J. G. Heron, of that place.

### *Deaths.*

DIED....In this City....On the 31st ult. Mrs. Rachel Gerhard, wife of Conrad Gerhard.....On the 3d inst. in the 72d year of her age, Mrs. Alice Knorr, wife of Mr. John Knorr.

.....At Lebanon, (Dauphin County, Penn.) on the 29th ult. Mr Rudolph Kelker, jun. in the 34th year of his age.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"*A. B.'s Courtship,*" will appear next week—the sequel is requested.

"*Pity: A Tale,*" would be inserted; did not the numbers flow unevenly in some places.

Different communications from "*B.*" are received, and will appear in due time—The remainder of the "*Cacique, of Ontario*" is requested.

"*The Moralist*" contains nothing but what we hear every day.

"*R. G.*" is informed, that the piece he refers to, was received along with other communications, which were acknowledged in different numbers.

"*Edward Walwin,*" has received a candid perusal. The moral intended to be inculcated by this novel is good, the language is free from impurities, and the invention of the writer is tolerably fertile; but several grammatical errors have escaped, and some of the sentences are badly constructed; the incidents in some places are not sufficiently explained, and a geographical mistake or two occurs. However, as we should be sorry to damp an opening genius, if the writer will give it a careful re-examination, and correct these faults, the editor will cheerfully give it a place.

## TEMPLE OF THE MUSES

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

*TO THE* REV. ANDREW LAW,
PROFESSOR AND TEACHER OF SACRED HARMONY, ON HIS RETURNING TO PHILADELPHIA.

WELCOME, the friend of man! whose magic art (heart;
Can soothe the passions, and refine the
In whom the pow'rs of *Harmony*'s combin'd,
To charm, improve, and elevate the mind:
Thrice welcome to our citizens, once more,
*Thou perfect master of the* SACRED LORE!
Long may we of thy presence be possess'd;
Long, with thy soft'ning melody, be bless'd;
And long with thee enjoy, without controul,
"The feast of reason, and the flow of soul!"
Lo! how thy former pupils crowd around,
To catch, from thee, the much-neglected sound;
From thee, th' inspiring concords to derive;
And the true spirit of the ART revive.
Nor less do AMATEURS themselves rejoice,
Anticipating, soon to hear that voice,
Whose energetic influence, heretofore,
Call'd into tuneful life each dormant pow'r;
Caus'd SACRED MUSIC to be spread abroad,
And animate and bless the temples of our GOD. (would pay,
And see! e'en now, while thus the MUSE
To native worth, the tributary lay,—
URANIA, from her star-bespangled throne,
Views with complacency her Fav'rite Son;
Commands her messengers his cause to aid,
And wreathe her choicest garland round his head. (vine,
RELIGION, too, beholds, from realms di-
Her active Advocate, with look benign;
Regards, with commendation, all his toils;
Rewards his zeal, with bliss-conferring smiles;
Imparts him pleasures, never to decay,
Which worlds can neither give, nor take away;
And consecrates, to future times, his fame,
With cordial benedictions on his name.
Then, higly favour'd Tutor, onward go:
May thy blest zeal no diminution know;
May Virtue, hand in hand with Science fair,
Thine efforts patronize, with friendly care!
May we still keep alive, with new desire,
Our SACRED HARMONY's seraphic fire;
And turn indignant from the Syren's voice,
Who charms to snare, and whom she snares destroys!
Hence shall each breast a grateful temple be
Of love, of worship, and of piety;
And from each breast, as from an altar rise,
Hymns of pure praise, as incense to the skies. (live,
Thus thousands, in the present day, that
Shall, to thy worth, their warmest blessings give;
Thus future millions shall exalt thy name,
Since from thee all their best of pleasures came:
And thou shalt prove, in conscious rectitude,
That sweetest bliss on earth, the bliss of DOING GOOD.

JUNE 1st, 1801. G. B——H.

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*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

### *A SUMMER's EVENING REFLECTION.*

THE sky was azure blue, the breeze was sweet,
Like summer's even, when true lovers meet;
The moon in silver majesty rode on,
Boasting her lustre, borrow'd of the sun.
With chatt'ring melody the valley's rang,
When Locust, and when Katy-did-it sang,
The Frogs and Grasshoppers extend their throats, (notes;
And in one concert join'd their grateful
Harmonious Nature in one general throng,
Gave up their ev'ning thanks in grateful song.
But MAN alone the heav'nly concert marr'd,
And nought from him but discontent was heard;
He curs'd the Grasshoppers, and ***** the Frogs, (Dogs,
And whipp'd the yelping and the barking
The Katy-did-its and the Locusts too,
Partook his ire, and instantly withdrew;
But why, ungrateful Man! dost thou withhold
Thy praises due for gifts so manifold?
Why prove discordant in the vocal choir?
And mar the harmony thou should'st inspire?
The heavy Ox, or e'er he goes to sleep,
Offers a groan to Heav'n, and fain would weep,
Recounting o'er the mercies of the day,
With gratitude re-chews his grass or hay.
But Man;—ungrateful Man! whose ample board,
With every blessing from above is stor'd,
Forgets! (O what a paradox to know!)
Forgets from whence his richer blessings flow!
He thankless goes to bed, thankless gets up,
Thankless he'll break his fast, and dine, and sup;
And thinks he merits all the blessings giv'n,
Which indiscriminately fall from heav'n.
Man, claims a right to torture and to kill,
And treat th' inferior creatures as he will;
He vainly thinks the world was made for him,
To gratify his caprice and his whim:
And (heedless of the suff'ring creatures' cry)
Thinks they were only made to groan and die!
But know, vain fool, tho' thou art lord of all,
Thee, to a strict account thy GOD will call!
For all the cruelties thy hands have wrought,
To rigid recompense thou must be brought.
If GOD is just, his creatures' groans he'll hear,
Whether a Man, a Monkey, or a Bear;
And Justice shall repay with rig'rous stroke
These wrongs by which thou did'st thy GOD provoke. R. W.

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### THE ASTRONOMER's ROOM.

ONE day I call'd, and Philo out,
I op'd the door and look'd about;
When all his goods being full in view,
I took this inventory true:——
*Item.*—A bed without a curtain,
A broken jar to empty dirt in;
A candlestick, a greasy night cap,
A spitting pot, to catch what might hap;
Two stockings darn'd with num'rous stitches,
A piece of shirt, a pair of breeches;
A three legg'd stool, a four legg'd table,
Were fill'd with books, unfit for rabble;
Sines, tangents, secants, radius, co-sines,
Subtangents, segments, and all those signs;
Enough to shew the man who made 'em,
Was full as mad as he who read 'em;
An almanac of six years standing,
A cup with ink, and one with sand in;
One corner held his book and chest,
And round the floor was stru'd the rest;
That all things might be like himself,
He'd neither, closet, drawer or shelf:
Here a kettle, sauce-pot, broken platter,
Appear'd like heterogeneous matter;
In ancient days the walls were white,
But who 'gainst damps, and snails can fight?
They're now in wreathy ringlets bound,
Some square, some oval, and some round;
The Antiquarian there may find,
Each hieroglyphic to his mind;
Such faces there may fancy trace,
As never yet knew time or place;
And he who studies maps or plans,
Has all the work done to his hands—
In short, the room, the goods and author,
Appear'd to be, *one made for t'other.*

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*** *Subscriptions for this Paper received at the office, No. 51, South Third street, price 6¼ cents each number, payable every four weeks; or three dollars a year to those who pay in advance—Subscribers at a distance either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the city to become answerable for the money, as it becomes due.*

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Saturday, June 6.

No. 31.

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For PRESERVING and BEAUTIFYING
*The Teeth and Gums.*

GOOD TEETH are so obviously necessary for the enjoyment of many of the conveniencies and pleasures of life, contribute so largely to the preservation of that inestimable blessing HEALTH, and so strikingly adorn the countenance, that any discovery which has a tendency to prolong the duration of those that are uninjured, or which arrests others in their progress towards decay, ought to be considered as invaluable, and be made subservient to the comfort and happiness of every individual. More than twenty year's experience throughout Europe, particularly in London and Paris, has proved, that the use of the PARISIAN TOOTH POWDER makes the teeth beautifully white, prevents decay, preserves the gums in health, and the breath pure. It is therefore strongly recommended, as possessing the valuable properties above enumerated.

☞ Sold by appointment, by WILLIAM LEHMAN & Co. Druggists, at No. 97, South Second-street, directly opposite the City Tavern—in BOXES, at 50 and 25 cents each.

MEDICINE CHESTS, for Shipping, and private families, with plain and approved directions, are always kept ready at the above place. tf

MAY. 16.

## POSTSCRIPT.

[The following strange occurrence is taken from the first volume of the Wonderful Magazine.—Those who are best acquainted with British records, will be ablest to judge of its authenticity.]

A REMARKABLE OBSERVATION,

*Taken out of Mr. Spink's Journal, with an account of Mrs. Booty's trial at the court of King's Bench concerning her husband, a brewer in London.*

Tuesday, May the 12th, this day the wind S. S. W. and a little before four in the afternoon we anchored in Manser road, where lay captains Bristo, Brian and Barnaby, all of them bound to Lucera to load. Wednesday, May the 13th, we weighed anchor, and in the afternoon I went on board of captain Barnaby, and about two o'clock we sailed all of us for the island of Lucera, wind W. S. W. and bitter weather. Thursday, the 14th, about two o'clock, we saw the island, and all came to anchor in 12 fathom water, the wind was W. S. W. and on the 15th day of May, we had an observation of Mr. Booty in the following manner: captains Bristo, Brian, and Barnaby, went on shore shooting of colues on Strombolo: when we had done, we called our men together, and about fourteen minutes after three in the afternoon, to our great surprize, we saw two men run by us with amazing swiftness; captain Barnaby says, Lord bless me, the foremost man looks like my next door neighbour, old Booty, but said, he did not know the other that was behind: Booty was drest in grey cloaths, and the one behind in black; we saw them run into the burning mountain in the midst of the flames, on which we heard a terrible noise too horrible to be described; captain Barnaby then desired us to look at our watches, pen the time down in our pocket books and enter it in our journals, which we accordingly did. When we were laden, we all sailed for England, and arrived at Gravesend, on the 6th of October 1687. Mrs. Barnaby and Mrs. Brian, came to congratulate our safe arrival, and after some discourse, captain Barnaby's wife says, my dear, I have got some news to tell you, old Booty is dead. He swore an oath, and said we all saw him run into "hell." Some time afterwards, Mrs. Barnaby met with a lady of her acquaintance in London, and told her what her husband had seen concerning Mr. Booty; it came to Mrs. Booty's ears, she arrests captain Barnaby in 1000l. action, he gave bail, and it came to trial at the court of King's Bench, where were Mr. Booty's cloaths brought into court. The sexton of the parish, and the people that were with him when he died, swore to the time he died, and we swore to our journals, and they came within two minutes; twelve of our men swore that the buttons of his coat were covered with the same grey cloth as his coat, and it appeared to be so: the jury asked Mr. Spink if he knew Mr. Booty in his life time; he said, he never saw him till he saw him run by him into the burning mountain. The judge then said, Lord grant I may never see the sight that you have seen; one, two, or three, may be mistaken, but 20 or 30 cannot; so the widow lost the cause.

N. B. It is now in the records at Westminster.

JAMES THE SECOND, 1687.
HERBERT, Chief Justice,
WYTHENS,
HOLLOWAY, & } Justices.
WRIGHT.

*For the Philadelphia Repository.*

FROM THE SHOP OF

## *Messrs Comma & Dactyle.*

THE Readers of the Repository, and our former kind and generous customers, will, no doubt, be surprised, when they are informed that Messrs Comma & Dactyle, after having disappeared for so long a time, have at length returned, and intend to resume their former occupation, and to re-open their Literary Shop upon an improved and a more extensive scale. No doubt many *wise personages*, endeavouring to account for our sudden exit, have supposed, that it was occasioned by the effect, which some ridiculous pieces that appeared in this paper, had upon us; and that "Alonzo & Candour," and *other worthies* (to use a vulgar phrase,) had done our business for us; but their suppositions are not true, for even had we continued our business at that time, we should, in pity, have suffered the ashes of the poor Maniac to rest undisturbed; and for the "Essayist," we should have waited patiently for his answer to the question we proposed—viz,

"Whether by common law, or civil,
"A Man goes soonest to the Devil."

As however our customers may be disposed to know our reasons for thus abruptly shutting up shop, we will gratify their curiosity; and we hope after having perused this brief statement, they will continue those favours with which they formerly honoured us.

It must be confessed that a business so novel and intricate as the one we commenced demanded both industry and attention; these we must be suffered to say, were constantly and unremittingly exercised by us. But we found we had commenced our career rather prematurely, that we had not acquired a sufficient adroitness in handling our work tools; and that we did not possess a competent knowledge in trade. One day while we were in our shop, viewing the piles of Enigmas, Sonnets, Epigrams, Poems, Puffs, &c. that lay mouldering on our shelves; deploring the *deplorable* state of our finances; and cursing the lack of business—we began to consider what could be the cause of these misfortunes, and at length attributed them to the reasons cited above.—"Well," cries Dactyle, "if the failure of our business flows from this source, it can easily be remedied; we will apply to our old friend, Peter Quince, of Walpole, with whom I served my time; he is a perfect master of his trade; and will be glad to give us any instructions." No sooner said than done, we shut our shop, paid our journeymen, and immediately set off for Walpole; where we arrived, and found our friend Peter heartily glad to see us. We need say no more.—PETER QUINCE, Esq. has given us the necessary instructions; and we are now ready to receive and execute (at the Porch of Apollo, No. 1.) any orders with which we may be favoured.

We shall next week expose for sale some of our wares,—viz. Scraps of Criticism, Shreds and Remnants, &c. and what we hope for, is that they may please all, and not wound the feelings of any.

[*It is sincerely hoped that these gentlemen, by their recent trip to Walpole, have acquired that adroitness in handling their tools, for which their friend Peter is so justly celebrated. "Scraps of Criticism," &c. will then, of course, display more sound argument and just criticism, and less harshness of language, than characterised their former productions, as well as those of their opponents. If this is not the the case, they may as well* shut up shop *at once, for good and all, and turn their attention to some other business.—By way of caution, they are informed, that the* Poor Maniac *yet lives, and, (of which they ought to take particular notice) notwithstanding his apparent derangement, possesses an apt facility at turning the edg'd tools of unskilful workmen against themselves.*]

## EDUCATION.

*BRITON ESTILL*

WISHES to inform his fellow-citizens, that he has removed his SCHOOL to the Corner of BREAD-STREET and FETTER LANE, (otherwise called Moravian and Watkin's Alley) where he teaches as usual both Sexes.

It would be needless to enlarge on the many advantages which his pupils in their present situation possess, as those who wish to place their children under his tuition, of course will judge for themselves. But it may not be amiss to observe, as ROOM, LIGHT, and AIR, are the well known essential properties of a School Room; that these properties his present situation possesses in an eminent degree.

He wishes further to avail himself of this opportunity of returning his most grateful acknowledgments for the past, pledging himself to those who may still be disposed to honour him with their confidence for the future, that nothing within the limits of his abilities shall be wanting to merit that patronage with which his former attempts have been so distinguishedly marked.

APRIL 25, 1801. 13t.